

## The SPARTAN Games

by I Rode A SuperNova Yesterday

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Summary: John Sierra volunteers to take his younger brother Jason Killburn's place in the 89th Annual SPARTAN Games.

## The SPARTAN Games

\*\*OK peoples, this is a Halo + Hunger games fic. My OC's (Almost everybody in the story lol) are mine, and the only things i don't own are the series, and some poeple (no names, or it will spoil the story) that come in later on. :D enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I slightly cringed as black SPARTAN III stuck the needle in my thumb and placed it on the paper on the small table in front of me. He or she, we never know because of the helmets they wear, let my wrist go and called next, shooing me off with it's right hand. I turned left on my heel, coming face to face with the crowd of teenagers, ranging from 14 to 18, waiting nervously for some lady named Effie Trinket to call the names, of the two kids destined to go into the arena and fight to the death.<p>

I searched frantically through the crowd, wanting badly to find my younger brother, Jason who was only fourteen. I wanted to be here to comfort him. The most frequently picked kids were the youngest, and he was the second youngest. I saw him in the middle of the crowd, sitting with his head in his knees, probably scared out of his mind. I pushed my way through the crowd and cradled my brother in my arms, mumbling a lullaby that my father used to use to help him fall asleep, before he was killed in the Human-Covenant war.

My father was killed in the worst way possible. He was there when the Covenant let loose the ancient virus, the Flood. He was infected first, and turned on his squad infecting them all. He was eventually stabbed through the heart when he tried to go after the general of the UNSC army he was stationed in, General Wilbur, our

uncle.

Seconds later, a crazy, high pitched \_diiing\_ of the microphone being tapped. A slight 'Ahem' could be heard from the mic before Effie began talking her usual speech.

"Alright, ladies first." She almost sang, sticking her hand in the large glass bowl full of name cards, pulling out one small slip. When she said the name on the slip, my face was drained of all colour and tears welled up in my eyes. She called out the name of my crushes sister, Jessica White.

Jessica was almost 18, just like me, she had blue eyes and blonde hair, just like my girlfriend, her twin sister Kara, and the most intoxicating smile. (LOL get this, I'm LITERALLY describing my crush, besides the name of course.) The way her hair swayed side to side as she trotted up the steps, and when she reached the top, I could see tears in her eyes. Of course she would begin to cry now as I found out recently, she also has a crush on my younger brother.

"OK let's see who our male tribute is."

Me and my brother stood up, myself slightly sticking out of the crowd, me being so tall and everything, and waited for her to call the guy's name. Again, my face fell. Jason Killburn, my brother. The entire crowd fell silent. When my brother was halfway up the steps, I shouted out that I volunteered to take his place.

\* \* \*

><p>"And that's how I ended up here." I exclaimed as I finished explaining to my stylist, Cinna, who just finished helping me put on my totally awesome Mark VI Mjolnir armour. It was all pitch black, even the visor on the helmet. Picture the old UNSC SPARTAN legend, the Master Chief, who died back in 2325, but entirely pitch black with the white letters, 12 on the right shoulder plate. Then Cinna asked me what my game plan was. So I told him.<p>

I have one plan. Keep Jessica alive, and kill \_him.\_ I have to keep her alive and kill my enemy. Brian O'Leary, from district 1, leader of the careers. The man who killed my brother in the last games. I stepped into the shoot, after listening to Cinna telling me good luck, and stay the hell alive kid. On my way up, I decided to look like a bad ass, so I put on my helmet and took on the famous John Sierra Master Chief SPARTAN 117 stance. The man I was named after, was the saviour of humanity. I had to look like his descendant. He was my great great great grandfather, and I only knew him for 12 years. Even at the age of 102, he was still a bad ass. He even trained me!

I was introduced onto the cameras as the last one up, everyone noticing me on the cameras. I held my head high, but out of the corner of my eyes, I could see everyone without their helmets on, staring at me with awe. Yeah, I'm that much of a bad ass. The timer dinged 5 and everybody put their helmets on. 4... 3... 2... 1...

The next thing I know, I'm grabbing a small black backpack, and pulling a knife out of my left shoulder, throwing it to my right, hitting Peter King from 3 dead in-between the eyes. I sprinted over and pulled the combat knife from his skull, and stabbed it into the

slot in my armour (right where Emile from Halo Reach had his knife) and ran towards the woods.

About a mile inward, I bumped into that girl from District seven... Emily... something. I stood up and before I even had a chance, she sprinted off in the direction she was originally headed, so I kept on going forward. By the time night fell, I found a nice tree that I could sleep in for a while, and found out my pack had a UNSC magnum in it, along with some ammo and water. I checked to make sure that my sleeping bag I stole from Peter King was strapped into the tree good, and went to sleep.

The only thing in my dreams... were Kara... and how, I would never see her again... how I would never get the chance to live a long, happy life with her, now that I'm in this hell hole.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>How'd I Do!? :D Leave a review plz I'd really appreciate it! : <strong>

End  
file.